118

Like as to make our appetites more keene
With eager compounds we our pallat vrge,
As to preuent our malladies vnseene,
We sicken to shun sickneſſe when we purge.
Euen so being full of your nere cloying sweetneſſe,
To bitter sawces did I frame my feeding;
And sicke of wel-fare found a kind of meetneſſe,
To be diseas'd ere that there was true needing.
Thus pollicie in loue t'anticipate
The ills that were,not grew to faults assured,
And brought to medicine a healthfull state
Which rancke of goodneſſe would by ill be cured.
But thence I learne and find the leſſon true,
Drugs poyſon him that so fell sicke of you.

119

What potions haue I drunke of *Syren* teares
Distil'd from Lymbecks foule as hell within,
Applying feares to hopes;and hopes to feares,
Still loosing when I saw my selfe to win?
What wretched errors hath my heart committed,
Whilſt it hath thought it selfe so bleſſed neuer?
How haue mine eies out of their Spheares bene fitted
In the diſtraction of this madding feuer?
O benefit of ill, now I find true
That better is, by euil still made better.
And ruin'd loue when it is built anew
Growes fairer then at firſt,more strong,far greater.
So I returne rebukt to my content,
And gaine by ills thriſe more then I haue spent.

120

That you were once vnkind be-friends mee now,
And for that sorrow , which I then didde feele,
Needes muſt I vnder my tranſgreſſion bow,
Vnleſſe my Nerues were braſſe or hammered ſteele.
For if you were by my vnkindneſſe shaken

As